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GIVEN GOLD

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MISS SINA ETHEL STOOKESBERRY.

GIVEN GOLD



By

SINA ETHEL STOOKESBERRY

AUTHOR OF SOUL THOUGHTS

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AGENTS WANTED

Copies sent by mail, by addressing the Author at
CARROLLTON, CARROLL CO., OHIO

Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.—Prov. 25:11.

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PREFACE.

When God gave me "Soul Thoughts" to be penned for Him, little did I realize that life would be spared for other writing. That, after "Soul Thoughts" was being read over different countries, as well as so very freely circulated over our own, that more thoughts were given to pen, after long prayerful waiting and watching to be of some service to Him.

Often it has come in the stillness of night, when, alone, with sleepless suffering, all seems lost; again, in days of bright sunshine, when suffering is less severe, and others, besides my own loved ones are near, that a word or sentence spoken, and, like a flash, sentence after sentence comes vividly before me as though memorized.

Again, but few words, and after many months, or perhaps, years pass before He sees fit to add enough to complete the Poem. Hard it seems to wait *His* time, but have not others learned patience the same way?

Even Paul, with heart burning with the love of God, and full of zeal for the winning of precious souls, enduring imprisonment, waiting long dreary days, which to him seemed lost, but today proves gain to all who read his printed Epistles.

It has been well said, "That it takes more grace to suffer His will than to do it," and, "while He who serves best must often 'lie' and wait," yet the time is none the less easy, only by that indwelling and all invisible Power, which gives song in night season and all the day long.

Asking your prayers, that God may not only use the messages herein contained for the saving and sanctifying of precious souls, but also to strengthen, comfort and console those Saints who need encouragement to bear life's trials. "Given Gold" is timidly placed before the public.

GIVEN GOLD

“ The Master has not put a chest of poetic gold into my possession and said, ‘Now use it as you like!’ But He keeps the gold and gives it to me piece by piece, just when he will and as much as He will and no more.”

—Francis Ridley Havergal.

While reading the above and thinking of its truth, the inspiration of the following lines came to me.

He gives me the gold a piece at a time,
The gold is thoughts, very sweet and sublime—
Which for Him I pen, as He gives to me,
Rejoicing of use to Him I can be.

Much joy is found as the gold He doth give,
To think that some soul, may by it now live—
But He gives only a line at a time,
While I ask for more which with it will rhyme.

“ To say, I wrote it,” would be quite absurd—
When without His help, could not write a word—
And so then to Him, the praises belong,
Praises of triumph and soul-swelling song.

The gold which He gives contains not alloy,
And He freely gives, that all may enjoy—
Just when He wills, and as much, and no more,
But it's enough, for He gives o'er and o'er.

WHY NOT?

Why are we not planning some good deeds to do—
With pure, noble thoughts, and to our God be true?
Why do we place hardships ahead of His love?
When there's souls to be saved, for Heaven above?
We worry, we fume, and fret all through the day
When us it behooves to rejoice and to pray—
Rejoice for the Christ who for sinners did die
And pray for the souls for which Heaven doth sigh.

If one unkind word, some one happens to say,
(When possibly many we've said the same day—)
We harbor it long and keep thinking of self,
Instead of the work which will bring Heaven wealth—
For often a word, mingled with love and prayer,
Will win precious jewels from sin's awful snare—
Or a smile to some weary heart broken soul,
May help him to win the Heavenly goal.

Just one soul for Jesus! What matters the way?
If it is steep, so it leads to perfect day;
Why do we murmur? Why not always be gay?
Trying to lead some one the Heavenly way.
What matters the heartaches, unkindness or pain,
If only for Heaven, one soul we help gain?
For what in this world, can we ever compare—
To the price of a soul, a jewel most rare?

A BETTER HOUSE.

For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made, with hands, eternal in the heavens.—II Cor.

We know some day the earthly house
Shall fail for you and me;
But there's a building for us made
Beyond death's crystal sea.

A house not made with earthly hands
Eternal in the Heavens;
A building of our living God
Which unto us is given.

It matters not when this house falls,
When a better one is given;
This house which is but of the earth,
Is little compared to Heaven.

THE CHOICE HE MADE.

In a small, inland village, miles from the sea,
A young man came, thinking a change it would be
To go from a city of pleasure and mirth
To a real quiet town, the best place on earth.

He there met a maiden, both kindly and fair,
With rich grace and beauty, all loveliness rare;
In deep admiration his heart fondly beat,
Then he became bolder, her love did entreat.

The maiden was busy, her life full of aim,
Working for Jesus, doing all in His name.
There were deeds of kindness, often to be done
With much still unfinished, at each set of sun.

Once they were talking while she sewed for the poor,
Discussing future plans, so soon to mature;
“It will be a great change from this humdrum life,
When in social circles, you reign as my wife.”

“No poor in the city, who need loving care,
In those streets, alleys or crowded thoroughfare?
I can't spend life for pleasure, glitter or show,
When there's much to be done in this world of woe.”

He loved her, but could not take home such a bride,
To mother and sisters who lived but for pride—
And then all his friends in the great social whirl
Would laugh at him choosing, the sweet, Christian girl.

Years passed, he walked by her home and saw within,
Her hands as busy as they always had been,
Boys at the piano, making the house gay,
Singing college songs, the time passing away.

Now she spoke with voice low, familiar and sweet,
“ Please sing my song, the name I need not repeat,”
“ Oh, your song, Miss Ruth, well, we all do declare,
It would seem quite strange not to sing the new air.”

After jesting a moment, they did sing o’er
The same one he had often heard there before;
“ Nearer My God to thee, nearer to thee,
E’en though it be a cross that raiseth me.”

Nearer My God to thee, this life she did live,
For her time, talents, all, she freely did give;
To bring her God nearer to all was her way—
The cross was enjoyed which she carried each day.

What a look of contentment filled the whole place,
Such a change from the whirl of society’s race;
That he wished—but his choice already was made.
He had settled for life, these mem’ries must fade.

He said to the wife, he had married for wealth,
Who cared for nought else, but to satisfy self,
Wherever she was, elsewhere wanted to be,
Whatever she saw, more she wanted to see.

“ My business is over, tomorrow we’ll leave,
And soon for Paris, will set sail I believe—
How will that suit you, my dear and darling wife,
The one above others, I’ve chosen for life.”

“ Paris, my Paris, do you mean it, my dear,
What a change from this quiet, poky place here,
It’s very much too slow, contentment to find,
But that city’s gaiety just suits my mind.”

But alas, in Paris, contentment’s not found,
In quest of this no one need travel around—
But there is a joy which will show in your face,
That is only obtained by the help of God’s grace.

ALONE WITH THEE.

Alone with Thee! What lessons from Thy wisdom learned,
Only by suffering, are the great facts discerned
Which draws us nearer Thee.

And thus, our minds and hearts are wafted far above
The many things of earth to sweetness of His love
And more sincerity.

Alone with Thee! We ponder o’er Thy truths and ways.
Like *John, feeling our great unworthiness; as days
Pass with mercies given.

Knowing our helpless dependence cast upon Thee,
And when these bodies, soon returned to dust shall be—
Our souls be in Heaven.

Alone with Thee! To us, nature speaks new meaning
After the great lessons learned, of fully leaning
Heavily upon Thee.

And as we gaze at the beautiful workmanship
Are filled with wonder and amazement, as we slip
Beyond life’s troubled sea.

Yes, alone with Thee! We shall not forget the time,
Thou brought us to these heights of piety sublime!
And thus, brought o’er and o’er.

More courage, patience, love, humility and rest,
While leaning sweetly, closely sheltered on Thy breast
But now and evermore.

* John the Baptist in the Wilderness.—Matt. 3: 11.

EVENING PRAYER.

Please give me tonight, Dear Jesus,
A message of love, prayer and cheer,
That the shadows may pass away,
And others the blessings shall share.

The heart which oft has been burden'd,
In times of both anguish and pain,
And Thou sent the loving message,
The letters of love once again.

The angels sang the glad tidings,
Announcing news of Thy birth;
Bringing messages of comfort
Of which words fail to express worth.

Please give a heart as loving,
As the one that for all did die;
A love for outcast and beggar,
As well as all those who pass by.

A faith which reaches to Heaven,
Thro' sorrow and sadness and pain—
To take Thy word each promise,
And question Thee never again.

Thy promises, great and so many
The wealth of this world is but small,
Compared to greatness and vastness,
When Thou, Lord, has planned one and all.

And ev'ry one's meant for Thy children,
Then why should we mourn or repine?
The fruit of this world is stubble,
The riches of Heaven are Thine.

Today we mingle in sorrow,
Tomorrow may sit at Thy feet,
And know and be glad we trusted,
While list'ning to Thy words so sweet.

We wonder oft at Thy patience
When we think of the cross Thou did'st bear—
Leaving the path brighter for us,
As we blessings and promises share.

HIS PLAN.

For we walk by faith not by sight.—II Cor. 5:7.

Cheered by the presence of God I will do at each moment without anxiety, according to the strength which He shall give me, the work His Providence assigns me. I will leave the rest without concern: It's not my affair.
—Fenelon.

What matters where on land or sea,
Just so my Lord had need of me—
He knoweth where He can use best
The talents few, which are possessed.

Had he left it with me to plan
My place to work in this dark land,
I might have wondered far and near;
And very little good done here.

And so I leave it all to Him,
My vision often may be dim,
But while He leads and guides my way,
I'm sure 'twill lead to perfect day.

Thus lead me on, oh, God, my King,
And help me thus Thy name to sing,
My will, my life and all to be,
One of sweet service just for Thee.

A BRIGHT PROSPECT.

The prospect is as bright as the promise of God.
—Judson.

The prospect before us is dark to the eye,
The clouds in the sky seems to never pass by;
But there's the promise, which our God has given—
The prospect is bright, with promise of Heaven.

The promise of God ever leads us along,
His promise is sure, the foundation is strong—
Though dark be the clouds, still the sun will soon shine—
For clouds cannot stay with this promise divine.

For us just to trust and have faith in His word,
Is all that He asks, this our kind, loving Lord,
The future He's planning for you and for me—
We need not repine, for our way He doth see.

And when some sweet day, those gates opened shall be,
We'll thrill with the flow of His glory so free;
Then know the prospect was much brighter than day,
As bright as the promise He gave all the way.

THE UP-TO-DATE WAY.

For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid,
which is Jesus Christ.—I Cor. 3:11.

Such a great busy world this has grown to be,
Every one is in such a hurry we see.
They must rush and hustle amusement to find,
And great intellectual food for the mind.

They must be entertained, work is such a drag,
Old fogies they'll be if behind others lag.
So no matter the cost the worry or fret,
No one must ever ahead of them get.

Of course, to church once in a while they must go,
But most of the preachers seem tedious and slow.
They should not be preaching the way of the cross
That's too old fashioned and will suffer much loss.

Those things were written when times were very slow,
Not for this advanced age of hustle and go.
It's perfectly absurd to hear preachers say
"These things which were written are meant for today."

But they will certainly be very much surprised
When the gates of Heaven, they will stand beside—
To find the old story was meant for today,
Will wish they had listened and walked in this way.

Composed by Aunt Olive Stookesberry, Lisbon, Ohio.
Deceased in year 1901.

Horeb.—I Kings, 19th chapter.

As I look over the journey,
The way my feet have trod—
Far out from among the shadows,
I hear the voice of God.

Not through the consuming fire,
That scorched my soul with pain—
Nor yet 'neath the awful tempest,
That drenched my heart with rain.

'Tis not in the scathing lightning,
The Savior speaks to me;
But when in the rock I'm hidden
He calms life's troubled sea.

"Fear not," Then is the glad message,
The promise tried and sure;
"There's peace in the golden future,
Have patience and endure."

“I have called thee hence for safety,
In Me thou must abide—
Fret not for the noisy labor,
The Lord calls thee aside.”

“Dear Lord, I will do Thy bidding,
To Thy rest, wilt help me come—
I will be a broken vessel,
Until Thou shalt call me home.”

HIS CHOICE.

My life is far from what I'd choose,
As far as night from day,
But then there is a Christ above,
Who watches all my way.

The path is just as opposite,
But when He marks my way,
It would be better than I'd choose,
For then my feet might stray.

If some one else's weary cross
Upon me now would fall,
I quickly might be very glad
To keep my own, with all.

For lighter than my own would seem,
Because I'd know the weight
Of others, which I might have thought,
Would lead to Heaven's gate.

And should I ever murmur here,
My heart must not repine
For God's dear children oft have borne,
A heavier cross than mine.

For heavier ones are often borne,
Than mine could ever be;
So I will live and trust in One,
Who chose this path for me.

Although my path has not been strewn,
With flowers all the way,
I'll bear the cross for Jesus' sake,
And walk with Him each day.

HIS WAY.

I had planned to work for Jesus,
Heathen lands to travel o'er,
But the heathen seemed much nearer,
Came for help right to my door.

Asking for a cup of water
Or, sometimes a slice of bread,
Just a smile was often needed,
Or a kind word to be said.

That at night, the work seemed heavy,
So much had been left undone—
That my heart was always burden'd,
At each setting of the sun.

And the cross which I was bearing,
Far too heavy then to bear,
Just because I was not letting,
My dear Savior do His share.

“Why art thou so burden'd, Martha,
So much serving need to do?
Canst thou not like faithful Mary
Choose the part of worship too?”

Stop, my child, and look and listen,
I, thy burden will help share—
Why wilt thou not let me help thee,
All the heavy cross to bear? ”

Then with faith beheld my Savior,
Standing, waiting by my side,
Not again did I feel burden'd.
For my soul was satisfied.

SUBMISSION.

O, death where is thy sting, O, grave where is thy victory?—I Cor. 15:55.

Death is not death; To die is gain;
A relief from sorrow and pain;
A brighter future never known,
Than to see Jesus on His throne.

Just depart from this world of care,
And be with Him, forever there:
Why He leaves me, He doth well know,
So why murmur? When time to go.

Then he will come to take me home,
For he alone knows when to come—
So while He leaves me, here below,
His great love on me will bestow.

So to Him my future will leave,
As ev'ry thing he doeth well;
The reason then will understand
When at last with Him we do dwell.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

Two chorus girls danced rag-time dances on the platform of the pulpit of Rev. C. L. Merrill in Minneapolis, Minn., illustrating his sermon on, Praise Him with the dance. The most amazing and bold dances were "put on the boards" by the chorus girls and the audience fairly gasped.—Chronicle.

As the minister sat in his study alone,
With many books and papers all around him strewn,
Bibles, dictionaries, commentaries, galore,
All of which, over and over, he did explore.

For his business it was to both study and learn,
By reading the deep thoughts great truths could thus
discern—

To present to his people from day until day,
Many facts up-to-date only learned in this way.

As he wearily sat conning these thoughts o'er and o'er
Of the many days' study he'd done there before—
To what did it amount all this new fangled way
This hard work and study, with much less time to
pray.

How different from when he had promised the Lord—
A soul-winner to be and with helmet and sword,
And unceasing prayer, his faithful servant to be,
To preach a full Gospel which would make all men
free.

While this he was thinking his own little son
Unannounced, entered the room and held in one hand
A picture, and going to his father did say,
“Father, it says down here, then when tarried did they,

In that upper room about all of a day,
The Holy Ghost came and filled the whole room;
And a whole lot of people that day joined the church,
Say, if you would pray more it might help very much.”

“I do pray my son why did you think I did not?
Have you not many times heard me often ask thus,
For the Lord to send down great refreshing showers.
A mighty revival in this church of ours?”

“Yes, but Father, can't you see a whole lot of them,
All stayed up together in that one little room;
I cannot count them all, but it says they did stay
In that upper room, and prayed almost the whole day.”

He looked down at the picture and then at the son,
Had the Lord sent to his room his own little one,
At this very moment, when hope had nearly fled,
And he almost, yes, had desired that he was dead.

Dead to things of the world and what people should say
To illustrate lectures which meant much to pay—
To great swelling music, which the critics called
“grand,”

And none but the most learned, could all well under-
stand.

His leading members had now expressed a desire
That chorus dancers would be a help to the choir,
Would illustrate a sermon, “Praise Him with the
dance,”

And to fill up the church, might give quite a good
chance.

Could he sanction this? What would his fond parents
say,

Their son pastor of a church which worshipped that
way?

Could he be honored if he sanctioned such action,
As he did the Father who scorned such attraction?

“We must build up the great holy church of our God.
With saints who walk near, where the dear Master
trod;

As near as the human can walk with the Divine”
His parents oft said, they of the Puritan line.

Again, he looked at the wistful eyes of his son,
God certainly sent you, my own dear little one,
“A little child leadeth,” will you help Papa pray,
That a mighty revival will soon come this way.

A prayer meeting was held in that upper room
With only two people, but the Holy Ghost came;
The minister arose from his knees that same day,
With heavenly fire which will burn all dross away.

The congregation which filled the Auditorium,
At the next service was surprised at the sermon,
“What had changed their pastor,” they asked with
consternation,
“To preach with such power at this morning session.”

It made such a difference, the revival soon came,
For he earnestly prayed as not only his son—
But others soon felt the great burden of prayer
And of Pentecost blessings received their full share.

LIGHT OBEYED.

Ps. 37 :5.

Commit thy way unto the Lord
With greatest peace and not a sword—
For joy will come some day or night,
As light obeyed doth bring more light.

Light that is given from above
Comes from a Father's ceaseless love;
And if we walk therein each day
We will enjoy if we obey.

For He doth know the way we take,
And never will He us forsake;
If only we obey His will,
He will help conquer ev'ry will.

For dark the path may seem and rough—
But just to trust is quite enough;
For God looks after all the rest
And will see that we are blest.

FULL OBEDIENCE.

First I learned of loving kindness,
Which the Savior gives to all,
But I did not trust Him fully
Selfish thoughts would oft recall.

Next, I wished for love some deeper,
Trusted almost half the way—
Could not say, "I fully trust Thee,
All Thy will cannot obey."

Many days I groped in darkness,
With at times a ray of light;
Stumbling blindly in my weakness
When the light was near at sight.

But the Spirit kept on striving,
Give up all, Thy Christ obey.
For thy Savior is contriving,
To be with thee, all the way.

Long, long hours this way did struggle,
All at once, my will gave way;
"None of self," at last, I shouted,
"All Thy will, Lord, I'll obey."

FAITH AND GOOD CONSCIENCE.

Timothy 1:19.

Faith and good conscience give me always I pray
Just enough to trust Thee from day unto day;
No matter how dark or how rugged the way,
If only by faith I can walk and not stray.

Just by faith when the Tempter is pressing me down,
Do help, dearest Lord, though the whole world may frown;
Do not let me slip, hold fast or I'm gone;
For others have shipwrecked by not holding on.

Good conscience is mine, if Thy will I obey,
So helpless and weak, clinging day after day
Why is it when some are so strong to press on,
Others must be upheld and carried along.

How lovely to be in the thick of the fight,
To boldly press forward and stand for the right,
But serve Him I must, if the grace He will give,
Just trust and obey, where He placed me to live.

SABBATH MESSAGE.

What is the message Sabbath brings?
This day, when fondest memories clings
Around our path, of brighter days—
When in Thy house we sang Thy praise,
Our souls attuned with music sweet;
Our trophies casting at Thy feet.

We loved Thee then, we love Thee now—
Because Thou did, upon Thy brow,
The cruel thorns for us did wear;
The heavy cross also did bear;
That some day with Thee, we shall reign,
Free from all sorrow, care and pain.

So grief or loss, may come and go.
Our time is short, while here below—
Though oft we wonder, just how long,
Until we hear the angel's song,
Songs of joy and triumph given,
Welcoming onward to Heaven.

TWO SOULS.

Two souls were waiting at Heaven's bright gate,
Each had the other well known;
One thought of fame, honor and vast estate,
Which in this world he did own.

Of the fearful cost he had often gained,
Not heeding for mercy the cry
Of those weary, faint-hearted or sick—
What difference, if they did die.

For business is business, he still declared,
As he thought of all he'd achieved,
Not once did it seem to enter his mind,
How here, he would be received.

Now noticing one who by him did stand,
This face and form very well knew—
How could she expect to enter therein,
When earthly possessions were few.

Boldly St. Peter now opens the door,
At the people keenly did gaze—
These two, whose life work was at same time o'er,
Tho' different had been their ways.

With pomp and glory, the man now began,
Of wealth and great splendor to tell,
The wonderful things accomplished below,
And the life he had lived so well.

Only an instant did Peter listen,
"Stop sir, your place is down below,
Wealth, riches and honor, here does not count,
As of course you surely do know.

Not quite so bold did the rich man now stand,
As he stammer'd, " Money I gave,
To help send to home, and the foreign land,
The sweet, blessed gospel of peace."

"It was but pennies that you ever gave,
And far many more did you cheat—
Than by your giving has ever been helped
Tho' for mercy some did entreat.

Step aside and let this poor woman in,
Who cheated you have, o'er and o'er—
For a beautiful mansion here has been,
All ready awaiting for her.

Her crown is ready decked with jewels bright—
For precious souls, many she's saved—
Her unselfish heart to her Lord given,
As hardships for others have braved.

Down below, they welcome just such as you,
Your abiding place you did choose—
The false are not happy here with the true;
They gain wealth but Heaven do lose."

The woman now entered the pearly gates,
Amazed and bewildered was she;
Could it be possible all this was meant,
For one who wealth never did see.

Quite sadly to Peter she now did speak,
"Are you sure for me it is meant?
There was so much that I wanted to do.
With my work, was never content."

The Recording Angel at last drew near,
With his account book opened wide,
"There are many good deeds recorded here,
You have done for the Crucified.

A cup of cold water often did give
While not ever thinking of fame;
But the Master quickly noticed the deed,
For given it was in His name.

A smile, quite often to strangers given
Which cheered, helped and brightened his way,
And now it is here, awaiting for you,
For this is the great judgment day.

There are many other souls waiting here,
Which by love and prayer you have brought—
And they are anxious to see you, and tell
Of kindnesses, never forgot."

When the gates of glory some day we reach,
Like which are we going to be?
The one who did many treasures here own,
Or the one who little did see.

THE SILVER LINING.

The darkest hour before the dawn,
The bright ray comes when hope's near gone; •
Cares, doubts and fears on every side,
And danger seems ahead to ride.

When lo! The great dawn bright and clear,
Breaks thro' the darkness lone and drear!
And for the hour when hope seemed lost,
It now appears such little cost.

Compared, to what the dawn forth brought—
The price received more than we thought
And for our waiting, this dark hour,
The bright ray comes with mighty power.

Then ever we had hoped or thought,
The darkness then how soon forgot—
For the great dawn is brighter far.
That the past our joy can not mar.

Our trials faded now away,
They only lasted yesterday;
The present happy, bright and free,
And in the future light we see.

Bright light which shines from Heaven's shore,
Which when we reach, will see no more,
Of darkness, gloom, doubt or despair,
Our earthly voyage ended there.

A GREAT WORK.

John Bunyan, when in prison wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*,
counted by many next to the Bible, when he felt he was
losing valuable time in soul winning.

John Bunyan in his prison cell,
Could but wonder if all was well.
And asked God why all this should be,
When great work he could do, if free.

Of his blind child, he often thought,
His care needed, had God forgot—
And left him in this prison cell—
'Twas hard to think, that all was well.

For family's sake, his freedom sought,
For love's sweet sake was greater thought than
any other;
For God here found him work to do,
And in that work, he proved most true.

He simply did just what he could
And yet today is doing good;
For God a willing subject found—
To help save souls, the world around.

It's not of life, just full and free,
Not of our choice it cannot be—
For one above looks over all,
And helps to follow duty's call.

Our mission may be in prison cell,
On beds of suff'ring, who can tell—
Or banished far from home and friends,
But the King knoweth where He sends.

And if we but our duty do,
He'll take us all the journey thro'
And souls be gather'd unto Him.
Though oft our vision may be dim,

HIS WANTS.

Are you giving for Christ today,
Time and talents without delay;
Or, are you merely giving wealth
When He wants more, and that's yourself?

It's you He wants much more than gold
For He has wealth that can't be told;
But what He wants for you to give,
Is love supreme, while you do live.

Give Him your hearts, sincere and pure,
And it will rest and peace secure;
A willing heart and helping hand—
We'll aid His work, in this broad land.

'Tis your *whole* heart He does desire,
Which He will cleanse with purging fire;
The dross and sin away will burn,
And to His work, you'll gladly turn.

His will your will shall always be,
When with a heart by love set free;
You'll gladly follow where He leads,
While He supplieth all your needs.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

There are riots starting all over our land
One class the other, do not understand,
Do not work together as brothers should,
When both could be happier, if they would.

First take the labor side of the question,
See how they act their trouble to lessen.
There are the two kinds, who labor each day,
One does his best, others work but for pay.

"I don't have it hard," The one class oft say,
"Because don't you see I work by the day—
And no matter so I put in my time,
How long it takes to mix mortar or lime.

It matters little how much I do shirk,
So when the Boss comes, he finds me at work.
He can't prove the time was idled away,
Unless he would always, near me just stay.

There are those whom talents not given,
The best they can do, is to be driven;
Often imposed on, by those who hold sway
But all they can do, is work in this way.

They don't understand the work others do,
The hours of planning, which they resort to;
The nights without sleep, and great risks to run,
The ways of saving, which spendthrifts make fun.

The money was saved, with small wages earned,
As Wanamaker, economy learned;
Jay Gould, as agent; a miner was Clarke,
Rockefeller in small store did embark.

The capital side we will now discuss,
To see if blame be attached in the fuss.
"We give them wages, they truthfully say
If they don't need work, they can stop today.

There comes a time when provisions are high,
Light, fuel and many things which are to buy,
They cut down wages, and put up a bluff—
If they want to stop, will suit well enough.

There are many men, now waiting for work,
Just let them get out, if anxious to shirk—
That way we can make a little more show,
And will thro' the world, much easier go.

Again, much more work they crowd on each one,
Hurry them faster, the work must be done,
What matters to us, they are only men
When they are worn out, we'll get others then."

One needs the other; Oh, men can't you see,
That you will soon in Eternity be;
You can't do without help, no more than he
Can without work, so do try to agree.

Settle the question! It never will pay
To shed precious blood for money today;
What will it profit, employers, who grind,
If life be given, for deeds done unkind?

Money will not take to Heaven your soul!
Then why risk your life, to reach such a goal?
And you who labor, why not stop and think,
“Do I do my best, or from labor shrink?”

OUR WAITING.

Our mansion not yet completed!
We wonder how long it will be,
That He will leave us here waiting,
Will not we his coming soon see?
The moments seem most like ages,
Alas, how impatient we get!
So long and weary the waiting,
Our mansion completed not yet?

There may be kind words to be spoken;
A smile here and there to be given,
A heart which seems so nearly broken.
Which we can help onward to Heaven,
For it often takes but a little—
The effort we make not very much,
But may keep a sad heart from breaking
If we give but a smile, look or touch.

If oft, Lord, we pine for Thy coming,
Forgive, we entreatingly pray;
And help us with firm faith and courage
To conquer the fight for each day.
Thou seest the thorn 'mong the roses,
Which in our lone pathway doth lay,
Thou knowest the cross we are bearing
The storms which we meet on our way.

To others the pathway's as dreary,
The cross just as heavy as ours,
And so with fresh courage and patience,

We scatter for them a few flowers;
And thus make our own life the brighter,
In this way is happiness found—
And our burden will seem much lighter,
If sunshine we scatter around.

REMEMBER THE LIVING.

Are we giving care to the living?
Not waiting until after they're dead?
For how will they know that we love them
When they see not the tears which are shed?

The tears which are shed o'er the casket,
Will not make up for unkindness now,
For it is today the heart's breaking
That the trouble has knitted the brow.

What matters to one who death's angel
The breath has forever been stilled,
Whether their bier's cover'd with roses
Or our hearts with deep sorrow are filled.

How often the living's neglected,
When a little to them would mean much;
But we are all hustling for pleasure
Forgetting those who need smile or touch.

Then let us remember the living,
With love, prayer and hearty good cheer;
And thus keep a sad heart from aching,
As we dry from the eye, a moist tear.

This world is quite full of its sorrow,
Oft the heart is o'er burden'd with woe—
So now is the time to help lift it,
While our loved ones, the kindness will know.

TWO LIVES.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, "I have no pleasure in them!"—Ecl. 12:1.

Altho' inspiration of the following poem, was received by reading the above Scripture verse, yet it brought to mind near and dear friends and acquaintances, who by rejecting the Spirit had grieved it away. Also remembered having studied in history of Aaron Burr's recklessness, and re-reading in "Portraits and Principles" of his rejecting the Spirit, when a boy of fifteen, student at Princeton College. Being so under conviction that he could not sleep, took the advice of Drs. Bellamy and Witherspoon, to wait until excitement was over and then decide. But, alas, the Spirit ceased to strive, and as we think of remorse of conscience and recklessness, he alone endured in this world, beside many sad, bitter heartaches and privations he caused others, Blennerhasset with his beautiful home on an island in the Ohio Valley, influenced by Burr's brilliancy was brought to poverty and disgrace.

Alexander Hamilton losing his life on that fatal morning of July 7, 1804, at Weehawken, N. J., are but two examples among the many caused by one man's recklessness. Think of him, as the youngest student to ever enter Princeton, once Vice-President of our Nation, another time lacking but one vote for the presidency.

How different might all have been, had he embraced the faith of his parents, and given that brilliant, intellect time, talents, all, unreservedly to the Master's use. But alas, instead of that, even his last few years were filled with reckless licentiousness until the end. Should God

so deem that one soul might by this writing, be led to listen to the Spirits pleading, it surely will not be in vain.

TWO LIVES.

Two young men had been listening
To anxious pleading tone
Of a minister, who often
The gospel seed had sown.
Urging the young to remember
The Creator in their youth.
Now to make a full surrender,
And accept gospel truth.

“The evil days have not come,
Accept before too late!
Do not reject the earnest call,
Let not the Spirit wait;
For thou might'st grieve it and like
Others, some day need say,
'I have no pleasure in them,'
As the Bible says, 'today.'

Today may be a better chance,
Than again be given;
Can't you for Christ decide, and now
Make a start, for Heaven.
There's danger lurking in your path,
Oh, let him guide the way!
For Satan is busy working,
To lure you down each day.

The sowing seems very pleasant,
But soon the reaping comes—
You will have to reap the whirl-wind,
For sowing you have done.

Oh, stop right now and remember,
He wants to save today,
My son, Oh, why will you thus grieve,
The Holy Spirit away."

The one could not resist the call,
He earnestly did plead,
And with Holy Spirit's striving,
He felt the Savior's need.
He promised life, time, talents, all
Unto the Crucified,
And quickly found within his heart,
The cleansing stream applied.

The other sneering walked away.
He'd wait another day;
The Spirit's call, the earnest words.
He gladly chased away.
When years had passed, once more they met,
These friends of days gone by,
But it was in a prison cell,
Where one now soon must die.

The other bending over him,
Heard these words he did say.
"If like you I had but heeded
The Spirit's call that day,
But it left me then forever.
I drifted with the tide,
And down the awful stream of sin,
My boat did swiftly glide.

No use to pray but I love you
For this one precious hour,
The Holy Spirit sent you here
With Pentecostal power.

And many precious souls you've won,
 Because your life's given,
 A consecrated offering
 To lead men to Heaven.

Keep right on with your noble work,
 And ever watch and pray,
 But patiently stop and listen
 To what the dying say:
 And tell this message which I leave,
 To all who comes your way,
 'Do not grieve the Holy Spirit,
 Accept it while you may!' "

GOING AND DOING.

Firmness, both in sufferance and exertion, is a character which I would wish to possess.

I have always despised the whining yelp of complaint, and the cowardly, feeble resolve.—Burns.

If you want to reach to great heights of fame—
 Wanting the world proudly to speak your name—
 If you want to achieve something, while you live,
 You had better climb, and hustle and go—
 For nothing's been done in this world below,
 By sitting down to fume, worry and fret;
 So if you are going to do something,
 Get up and be doing.

It's but a little, a step at a time,
 That's great heights are reached, both sweet and
 sublime,
 For things do not come in this world by chance,
 You will quickly see, if around you glance;

So if anything you are going to do—
 Why, just hustle up, and be tried and true—
 For there's but one way to make things go through,
 So be up and doing.

And say, if you ever expect to reach,
 That bright land of which the Bible does teach—
 That's the way you had better be going;
 Its going and doing which makes things go—
 For time and Eternity moves quite slow,
 But no one gets there, unless he does start
 For there's only one who can do your part,
 So why not be going.

INVESTING THE TALENT.

Dr. A. F. Pierson says, Dr. Moon of Brighton when twenty-three years of age was struck with blindness. He prayed to God to deliver him from this curse and when he did not he accepted it as a talent and ask God to help him invest it.

Dr. Moon of Brighton when struck with blindness
 Bravely looked up to God and prayed—
 "My heavenly Father, I do thank Thee
 For the talent upon me laid.

May I ever invest this great talent.
 At the coming of our great King,
 He may receive His own with usury
 And be glad of tribute I bring."

The Lord, at once, did willingly teach him,
 That blindness permitted had been—
 So he could minister to the millions,
 Who, this sad misfortune had seen.

And since God has taken him to Heaven,
Many thousand people have read
With raised characters, God's own holy word
And thus have been heavenward led.

So if we, in time of deep afflictions
Could look up to God in this way—
And use the talents which he does give them,
In helping others each day.

This world would seem so very much brighter,
In these talents joy doth abound,
And if we only will try to use them,
Will be pleased to hear the sweet sound.

“Thou hast been faithful over few talents,
More now to thee shall be given,”
For the talents returned with usury
Shall awaiting be in Heaven.

THE COUNTRY OF BEGINNINGS.

Please take today the beginnings of life,
As we're ushered in to a new
And yet very much unexplored country,
So while helpless little we view.

Many beginnings we meet all thro' life,
Each year comes upon us quite new—
To form resolutions, to keep and to hold
And give to the world what is due.

The world demands love is dying today,
For things money never can buy,
Do we give our share, or just rush along
After pleasure with the vast throng?

Forgetting the Christ who in manger lay,
Leaving throne in this world to stay,
To suffer and die, redemption bring nigh,
That with Him we might reign on high.

A beginning when sins are forgiven,
And joint-heirs with Christ we become;
His child, friend, co-worker now and ever.
And some time a heavenly home.

The marriage vow taken a new home founded;
Two hearts to begin life as one;
To meet its crosses, both joys and losses
From youth until set of the sun.

Many beginnings come to one and all
As peaceful or sadly we go,
Each day a beginning of life's morning
As older we rapidly grow.

For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have shewed toward His name, in that ye have ministered to the Saints, and do minister.
—Hebrews 6:10.

We give thanks to God always for you—Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God, and our Father.—1 Thess. 1:2-3.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—St. John 15:13.

“The shadows of the valley, cannot eclipse the light of love.”

“Love's patience always has her perfect works.”

“The love of God hidden in the heart, will sweeten the soul’s atmosphere as much as the sweetbriar does the air around it.”

LOVE AND FAITHFULNESS.

Lovingly dedicated to my dear sister for whom, we give thanks to God always, “for work of faith, labor of love and great patience” with which she has ministered unto us, and does still minister.

She had aspirations of working for fame
But greater for duty in the Master’s name,
There were loved ones, weaker who needed her care
So she gave her life their afflictions to share.
Heavy burdens, anxiety, patiently borne,
And the Father who knows the work will not scorn,
’Twas not a few days, but a life time was spent,
But her work spoke for Jesus, where’er she went.

Her mission seemed lowly but was great and grand,
And there is one, who will all this understand
When the Portals of Heaven opened shall be,
All the care then be gone, her spirit be free—
The life spent for others, she will not regret,
For these things her Father can never forget—
And the crown fairly earned, will place on her brow,
“Well done, faithful Servant, quite welcome art thou.”

THE FAITHFUL MAN.

Are we pitching tents toward Sodom.
As Lot in days of old.
Or heavenward as Abraham.
One saint of God’s own fold.

He, father of many nations,
Believed God, faithful, true,
And waited long for the promise,
With prayers and tears oft too.

At last when the angel told him,
A son would soon be borne,
He truly believed the promise,
Tho' the wife did it scorn.

Could it be one stricken in years
As they both now did seem,
How could such blessings ever come,
It seemed more like a dream.

But happy the heart of Sarah,
When in her arms did lay
The child, for which she had waited,
Prayed and longed for alway.

But sad again was the Father,
When God to him did say,
To bind his son on the altar,
A sacrifice to slay.

But true was Father Abraham,
Tho' the sadness few knew,
Of waiting long for their first-born,
Now called to give him too.

For Isaac, child of the promise,
On the altar was bound,
By hand of the faithful Father
When angel's voice did sound.

His name, "Abraham, Abraham,"
With voice he well did know
Just when his hand was lifted high.
To strike the fatal blow.

"Here am I," he quickly answer'd,
And the angel replied,
"Upon the lad lay not thine hand,"
This said to faith well tried.

As the Father lifted his eyes,
A ram at once did see,
And knew it was the sacrifice
On the altar to be.

The second time spoke the angel,
"By myself have I sworn,
Because thy son hath not with-held,"
"Saith the Lord to thee."

"That in blessing I will bless thee,
Thy seed multiplied be
More than the stars of the Heavens,
And the sands of the sea."

"This way thy seed be forever,
Among all nations blest,
Because My voice thou hast obeyed
With faith stood each hard test.

WHY CHOSEN?

I walked within the Lord's garden,
Where the lilies bloomed rich and rare;
And I thought to pluck the fairest,
Its beauty with some one to share.

The first, a bud not quite open,
 Standing high above all the rest—
The next was a full blown flower,
 Of the two, knew not which was best.

Then passing on to the next one,
 With perfume quite fragrant to me,
But conscience said, Do not pluck it.
 Tho' its beauty plainly did see.

Another stood looking lonely.
 No beauty or perfume did share—
But some unknown fancy led me
 This to choose when all were more fair.

Have often wondered the reason,
 But the only one I do know,
Is that God's most cherished workers,
 Are those who do not beauty show.

The plain, common ones have chosen,
 His wonderful work here to do,
Those who have proved true and faithful,
 When humble work needed to do.

If Samuel had done the choosing,
 Of Israel's second great king—
David would not have been chosen,
 For God in the heart, sees each thing.

That human eyes cannot behold,
 To tell which was faithful and best,
Thus to rule God's own chosen fold,
 And with his help, stand each hard test.

To step from the humble labor,
 To be king of an earthly throne

A faithful and humble shepherd
Who tenderly cared for his own.

For he who proves true and faithful,
Of the tasks and talents given,
Will soon be given more talents,
And greater reward in Heaven.

I Sam. 16:7.—For the Lord seeth not as man seeth;
For man looketh on the outward appearance, but the
Lord looketh on the heart.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

I have met with disappointments
Many here have come to me—
Which I trust are God's appointments,
And some glad day I shall see—
It was just what most was needed
To help me upon the way—
That it had led to higher heights
And deeper depths each day.

Higher heights and greater blessings
Of God's great eternal love.
But enjoyed will be the hardships,
When the home is reached above.
For the reasons will be made known
Of all disappointments here,
And will only mean more pleasure
When the home is entered there.

If by them a very little,
More good done has been each day—
It will be so much the better
That it has been just this way.

For I know the Lord is doing,
Just what seemeth best to Him,
And his wisdom is not doubted
Tho' my vision oft is dim.

Often times I cannot see Him,
All by faith, then have to walk,
But am very sure he listens,
Each time that to him I talk;
For his promises are all certain,
On each one can we depend,
'Till are reached the gates of Heaven—
After journey here doth end.

Then with joy behold the Savior
Stand and see Him face to face!
All the disappointments over,
Finished be this weary race;
Finished, all will be completed,
And my crown will waiting be,
When across the silent river,
I shall rest by crystal sea.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

He had worked long and hard, and had risen to fame,
A place in the Senate or just something the same,
Had struggled this far, without reproach on his name;
Could he accept the bribe, and bear ever the blame,
While his mother was praying at home?

There was someone pleading, this bribe, why can't you
take?
It will help you along, and for family's sake,
As scandal we will start, and much trouble can make,
And what is just once a principle to forsake
If your mother is praying at home?

He thought of the mother, who was **praying** at home,
Of anxiety and pain which for him, had borne;
Of her last parting words, "My son, **always** be true,
Keep ever the watchword, **Truth and honor in view,**
While your mother is **praying at home.**"

He decided for right, after prayer and hard fight,
The tempter he stamped, and pushed behind him from
sight,
When it was flashed 'round the world and truth come to
light,
There was one scorned the bribe and stood up for the
right,
That he said to his mother at home.

"I remembered the prayers, I was taught as a child,
Of a mother's firm faith which could not be beguiled,
I could never turn back on a dear mother's God,
Who had tendered the path which I daily have trod,
For I knew you was **praying at home.**"

"I was proud of my son when I read of that deed,
God certainly helped you in that hour of **great need!**"
"Oh, mother it was you, who gave courage to speak,
For I thou't of your prayers and your God then did seek,
While for me you were **praying at home.**"

MOTHER.

There's a dear friend, we've thought of today,
Of one who guided and guarded our way,
Who did train our minds with good thoughts to think,
And hearts and spirits, not always to shrink

From all of the petty trials of life,
But think of others, much worse in the strife.
For if happier, we wanted to be,
We must help others, to happiness see.

Who planned and prayed often, when we did sleep
To get for each one, that which we did seek.
Helped with our lessons, and quite hard did try,
To make home pleasant, for all who drew nigh.

To needs of the stomach, she did attend—
And pleasure in eating, oft we did spend:
With bread, butter, pie, quite pleasant to taste;
Even fried chicken, no one cared to waste.

In fact, there seemed nothing she could not do,
This kind, gentle mother, tender and true—
Not one step too much, was for her to take:
Every sacrifice, was willing to make.

Of course, there were times, when we knew much more,
At least, that is what we've often thought o'er;
But, somehow, she always came out ahead.
Tho' oft we did not like all that she said.

But she it was, who forgot and forgave,
And helped right along, each one tried to save—
From work and worry, tried quite hard to bear,
All of our trials, at least all did share.

CHRISTMAS AT ELLIS ISLAND.

'Twas Christmas at Ellis Island,
Where many were compelled to stay,
Until allowed to go onward,
With rejoicing upon their way
To enter a bright new country,
This, our noble land of the free,
To make here a home forever
In a land where all like to be.

The hardships would be forgotten,
As the days pass rapidly by,
Especially to bright eyed Maria
Quite happy when Beoto was nigh.
They met in the ship which brought them
From their homes from over the sea.
Not until then been acquainted,
And now lovers always to be.

But the Neapolitan woman,
Sad with disappointment and pain—
Thinking of long self-denials
And now to be sent back again.
She so much wanted her children.
The five sons which God had given,
To make a home in the country.
Like a knife, to her heart driven.

When the inspector had told her,
“To your country returned shall be,”
How cruel those words had sounded.
Was she mistaken? Could it be.
After long, hard days of labor
With one ray of light just ahead.
And now be banished forever:
Her heart seemed heavier than lead.

Alas, in this world of sorrow.
Many hearts are saddened today;
Others are blithesome and happy.
With light hearts are mirthful and gay;
For some, the wedding bells ringing.
Merry, reverberant and sweet,
Many are burying loved ones
Or worse trials having to meet.

To all, there's hope in the Christ-child
Who made the first glad Christmas day
When born in a lowly manger,
But in our hearts reigning alway.
The yoke He maketh quite easy
And the burden helpeth to bear
For was not His own cross too heavy,
Which Simon was called on to share.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

This life is a school of hard lessons,
New ones to be learned day by day—
When entering this world of conquests
Where long we must linger and stay.

We constantly gain our promotions,
As onward advancing each day—
O'er the path, not all fragrant flowers,
As we linger along the way.

First, are the hard lessons of childhood—
And often we think them severe—
But they help us onward and upward,
Which makes the next lessons more clear.

We learn lessons of disappointment,
And lessons of dull, weary care—
While we shed tears of bitter anguish—
And scarcely can think they were fair.

Older people laughingly tell us,
It was not enough cause to grieve—
But it seemed a little difficult,
And from our mind did not soon leave.

Abraham Lincoln, kind and loving,
Many hardships had to forego—
Of privations and disappointments,
All these lessons, did learn to know.

For the gloomy days of his childhood,
Gave him sympathy for the slave—
And with great pluck and perseverance,
Which he then gained, helped make him brave.

Very hard the school of afflictions,
With lessons to learn ev'ry day—
The yesterdays ever repeated,
In studies we take by the way.

Many are the different branches,
We learn in this school hard and stern—
But in faith and patient endurance,
We are all expected to learn.

So we must keep earnestly praying,
And carefully watch as well—
A strong, steady determination
On the bright side, always to dwell.

The picture we often turn over,
When feeling depressed and cast down—
Then we see the bright silver lining,
Which points to a rich golden crown.

The greatest Apostle hath told us,
That in trials patience is found—
And patience works out an experience,
With experience, hope doth abound.

When no ray of light comes to linger,
We still must hope on day by day,
Hope on, and the light that is hidden,
Will break out, with joy by the way.

Afflictions last but for a moment,
And worketh out portions to bless—
Exceeding, eternal the glory,
In that joyous day, we'll possess.

To some, great afflictions are lengthen'd,
But only one pang at a time—
For God gives His grace very freely,
And grants us peace sweet and sublime.

He helps us to run with great patience,
The race which before us was set—
Tho' very long it may often seem,
Yet us, He will never forget.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,
Severe it may seem to us now—
And so each and ev'ry son scourgeth,
He receiveth, and to Him doth bow.

So it makes the chastening lighter,
When we feel His wonderful love—
And know He accepts as His children—
While watching o'er us from above.

By His grace He knows the endurance
Of the chastening, we can stand—
Coming refined and purged as by fire,
Purified for the better land.

For Job, that great man of patience, said,
"When tried we should come forth as gold.
For God does not allow afflictions,
Be more than His grace will uphold."

When most severe comes the suffering,
His voice to us whispers so sweet
"When my grace is sufficient for thee,
Why worry o'er trials you meet?"

We enter the school of bereavement,
When loved ones are snatched from our side—
And carried o'er death's silent river,
Out beyond the pure, crystal tide.

We can't understand why Jehovah,
Should His hand so heavily lay—
Upon promising lives around us—
And let them so soon fade away?

But as we come closer to Heaven,
And our loved ones, then seem to see—
In pure, spotless robes of whiteness.
They beckon us over the sea.

Their hard lessons are all completed.
No more temptations are given—
And with their diplomas are granted.
The joy eternal in Heaven.

Then why do we not cease our weeping,
And rejoice that the dear ones stand—
Much nearer the throne of the Savior
In a bright and happier land.

We know that Jehovah hath given,
And also the taking hath done,
Blessed be His great name forever.
Glory be to His divine Son.

There is the great school of hard labor,
For work of some kind we all do—
And each has its own grievous lessons,
Which day after day come to view.

In all schools, we oft need fresh courage,
And must onward valiantly press—
For in God's school, there are no breakers,
Which by grace we cannot repress.

For He gives none we cannot fathom,
With His masterful hand to guide—
And with such a wonderful Teacher,
To be always, near by our side.

Who even marks out all the pathway,
For our poor weary feet to tread—
And places His dear arms around us,
To help o'er the places we dread.

THANKFUL.

Tired! Why? Not a good deed
Has been done all this day;
Worried! Because, have been,
Always in some one's way.

Many have spoken kindly,
Others, some good deeds have done;
Why is it some are helpless,
From day-light 'til set of sun?

Others must help bear burdens,
Which all alone should be borne!
What matters heartache, sadness,
If only carried alone.

But when He leaves the loved ones,
Gives strength for the burden borne,
How thankful should ever be,
Instead of lament and mourn.

Never counting our hardships,
Let us look up and say,
"We love you, Dearest Jesus,
For blessing given today.

Help us to think of others,
Whose life are harder today;
And be ready to thank Thee,
For blessings shower'd away."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

November, 1912.

What a bright and beautiful morning,
This our great Thanksgiving Day,
Are we ever truly thankful,
In love and gratitude pray.
As did our pilgrim Fathers
Many hundred years ago,
When settling in this bright country
Their hearts with praise all aglow.

Could they today look down upon us.
This land of rich harvest grain.
They certainly would not murmur.
Should they know this country's gain.
Our wheat, seven hundred and fifty
Million bushel, now they say.
With plenty of oats, corn, barley.
All needs supplied every day.

Along with great spiritual blessings
Which he also brings nigh,
With countless and precious promises.
Upon which we can rely;
So instead of feast and frolic,
How much better today,
Just to give praise and Thanksgiving
For love, care and kindness away.

REVERIES.

Tonight will the old year die! Just four more hours until Father Time, the year, 1912, will step aside and see the bright, new year, an infant rushing past him, with clanging bells and loud, exuberant notes of joy and gladness.

Another hour passed, the clock strikes nine; the watch begins; the time drags slow. But soon—alas—its ten, now eleven, the old year almost gone, dying in the night;—Listen, count the strokes, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Ah,—eleven—alas; twelve—, gone forever. Good bye, old year, we love thee still. Fond memories, linger of many happy hours, which thou hast given. No time for sadness, for past memories of good or evil, for to the new year now we turn.

Welcome, thou bright New Year, thou noisy infant, ushering thyself upon us, with clanging bells, sharp sounds of the whistle; martial music, we not only love thee, but look to thee for happiness, as with mind's eye, we gaze into the shadowy future.

For what do we look? The pessimist gazes into the New Year for sadness! "There will be trouble, yes, just as in other years, only it looks deeper, because uncrossed bridges appear worse than when in the middle of them." How different with the optimist! "The old year gone! Welcome, thou new, thou bright-eyed infant, what joy and gladness we expect to find in thee. Each day, hour and minute we intend to look for happiness, on both sides of the street, anywhere, everywhere, for today, the future holds whatever now we think. Why look ahead for trouble, far better meet it, with manly heart, than worry ahead, unable to cope because of unexpected trials which may never come. The present is ours! And so, in this bright New Year which we have just entered,

we meet with courageous heart, trusting not only the year 1913, but our whole future to Him who doeth all things well.

ONE OF MANY.

'Twas but a very small cottage,
The one which the Lintels called home;
So bare from cellar to garret,
Which made the heart-broken wife moan.

The baby was in the cradle,
Their first born, which mothers hold dear,
All night she had watched beside it,
While listening footsteps to hear.

Of one, who love and devotion
To her, promised always to give;
But this soon all had forgotten,
Making life a burden to live.

In the evening he had left her,
To go for medicine and bread—
Had not returned until morning,
Altho' baby was almost dead.

Now she hears staggering footsteps,
“Oh, God,” she imploringly prayed,
“Don't let him be cross and cruel
It will kill our child, I'm afraid.”

He enters with low, vile cursing,
“Ha, Ha, there, old woman,” he said,
“Just take a drink with your husband,
I forgot to bring home the bread.”

“Hush, William, baby is dying,
She has been ill since yesterday—
Where is the medicine, William,
You promised to bring right away?”

“Here,” he said, raising the bottle,
 “Take this, give the baby some gin!
 Just wait, let me give it to her
 For you are almost slow as sin.”

She pushed him back from the cradle;
 But the sad sight which met her eyes—
 The baby she thought was sleeping,
 Had gone beyond sorrows and sighs.

Only the home of a drunkard,
 Alas, there are many today—
 Many sad, heart-broken mothers,
 Who with tears and sighs often say,

“If only the promise made me,
 He would be man enough to keep,
 Our baby might have been with us,
 Our trouble not nearly so deep.”

So voters, women and children,
 Let us work as we watch and pray,
 That the liquor soon be banished,
 From our home, forever away.

THE CALL TO DUTY.

Oh, tell me, where today is Ohio's fair name
 Which with pride we should speak but now with but
 shame—

The majority of votes for liquor did go
 And we as Christians did not strike the death blow.

To that fiery demon, which robs children of bread,
 And breaks mothers' hearts 'til they wish they were
 dead—

The Recording Angel could not help shed tears,
 When the once dry counties for liquor appears!

Why were we easy, thinking God's side would win?
And we as his workers did not fight the sin—
Did we wrestle in prayer from day unto day,
Or just settle down and not help in the fray?

Oh, brothers, husbands, fathers, mothers and wives,
Let's up and be doing as God's helps contrives;
With earnest prayer asking him to forgive,
And restore the fair name to the State where we live.

The price paid for liquor will be paid for bread,
And women and children be well dressed and fed;
While proud again of our State we all will be—
The one which we love, in the land of the free.

NOT ALONE.

Many a sad and lonely hour,
No, not lonely, God was near;
And bestowed His peace and power,
Bringing to my heart good cheer.

Not alone, and never lonely
God is always, ever near—
Speaking words of blessed comforts,
Bringing to my hearts good cheer.

Just alone with Christ our Savior
Sweet communion, we do find,
And I've tried with best behavior,
To His blessed precepts mind.

Often in the hours of midnight
Cheering words to me He spake,
Whispering, "All will be made right,
When the morning light should break."

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

No cross, no crown, no dark, no light;
No hope, no trust, no day, no night;
When darkness comes, is when we trust,
When the cross heavy, hope we must.

No cross for us, no crown we gain,
We bear the cross, but not in vain;
We trust in darkness and in doubt,
We trust in him, who faileth not.

For just before the day is night,
Beyond the darkness, is the light;
We hope for greater things afar,
When we have stepped across the bar.

Across the bar we hope no more,
From faith to sight we then do soar;
Our hope and trust have passed away,
The night is past, we have the day.

The cross, the darkness, hope and trust—
At last behind us have been thrust;
The crown, day and light of Heaven
To us, has been freely given.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

St. Matthew 27:32 St. Mark 15:21, St. Luke 23:26.

The way of the cross is both rough and steep,
The journey seems long, the waters quite deep,
'Tis quite heavy, but we bear not alone—
For there is One who doth care for his own.

And it leads home, when the journey is done—
The crown which awaiting us has been won.
We'll think the cross was not heavy enough;
The path we have trod, will not then seem rough.

There's no other way, that leads to our God,
For this is the one, the Saints have all trod;
His well beloved Son, went just the same way,
But could not carry his burden that day.

The Cyrenian Simon had to help bear
The cross, which Jesus needed some one to share;
And as he trudged up the hill by his side,
He thought the Divine was to be crucified.

With meekness and patience he all did bear
The taunts, jeers and thorny crown forced to wear—
Seemed only to bring more love to his eyes,
As for them prayed as he looked t'ward the skies.

“Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!”
Was such love e'er shown for hearts not kind or true,
The nails in his hands, and feet, now were driven,
But to all who trusted, sins were forgiven.

A great day for Simon when called to bear
The cross of Jesus, his burden to share;
For he and his loved ones this way did gain,
The sweet love and faith, they lost not again.

If another our cross is called to help bear,
The burden distasteful need some one to share;
But it will surely bring pleasures untold,
If into their hearts his peace doth unfold.

THE SUN WILL SHINE.

Arise faint heart do not repine,
Some day, some time the sun will shine,
Although this day seems dreary,
For though the clouds be dark and gray—
The sun will drive them soon away;
When morning light shines clearly.

Keep struggling on, the day will dawn;
With courage brave keep hoping on—
The night will soon be over.
And some sweet day the sun will shine,
For brightness then will all be mine
Forever and forever.

WHICH IS EASIER.

Be not discouraged, is easy to say,
But not as easy to feel just that way,
It's easy to plan and say "Yes, we can,"
But not quite as easy to push the van.

It's easier to promise than to fulfill,
Easier to shirk than work with a will,
Easier to talk but harder to do,
Easier to be false than to be true.

It's easier to drift along with the tide
Than to climb up the steep rocky hill-side.
It's far easier air castles to build
Than place foundations by which they're upheld.

Easy to laugh, when we feel light and gay,
And every thing bright is coming your way,
Than when the clouds are o'er head in your sky
And only look darker as time passes by.

But better to laugh if we only can
Better to trudge and work like a man
Than just to give up and drift with the tide,
For some day some time we'll see the bright side.

HIDE YOUR TROUBLE.

Every one in this world has much trouble to go through,
So what is it every one's going to try to do?
To settle down to crying to help the trouble out,
Just helps to make more trouble, so what's the use to
pout.

So in this world of trouble, there's but one thing to do,
And that's to let the trouble, trouble no one but you.
As long as folks are joyous, and happy seem to be
No matter what's the trouble, as long as none can see.

“You are a lucky fellow, why is it you're so free,
When other folks have trouble, and cannot smiling be?”
If you are ill “How lucky that work you need not do,
When others have to labor, and waited on are you.”

If you are short of money, and skim when none's around,
And put your best foot foremost, and no complaints e'er
sound.

They'll talk about high living and often jealous be,
Because you have the aptness of letting no one see.

But those who tell their trouble and prate about it most,
Would only laugh at others, and in this way would boast,
“Why tell their petty troubles, when mine are so much
worse?”

And keep on talking, talking and all their trouble nurse.

DECEIT.

What a dark, dreary world this surely would be
If each day every one we happen to see—
Should complain of their trouble and never smile;
Certainly living would not be much worth while.

If every one should fume and worry and fret
Over every thing, and never trouble forget—
And not smile because they could not have their way,
How much worse this old world would be, don't you say?

It seems quite deceitful to laugh and look gay
With your heart almost broken, some folks might say,
But that kind of deceit will pass in this world
Much better than all your heartaches unfurled.

Every one has trouble enough of his own,
Keep all to yourself that you can bear alone.
Just practice deceit if you possibly can,
For this way it will not defraud any man.

Of course, it's easier for some to be gay
And laugh nearly all of the shadows away;
But practice will help you, "make perfect," they say.
So try it my friend, if for only today.

FUNNY PEOPLE.

There are many funny people,
All so strange I do declare
That ev'ry one's so peculiar,
In this world so bright and fair.

"All but thee and me's not funny,"
Said the Quaker to his wife,
"But thee's just a bit peculiar,
I have noticed all thro' life."

Funny traits we find in neighbors,
And in strangers quite as well;
But what seems the most peculiar,
Some strange traits in us do dwell.

So in summing up the people,
Who have funny traits and queer—
We must count ourselves among them,
As peculiar oft appear.

Though ourselves we may not notice,
But our friends and neighbors do—
So when we see their funny ways,
We must know we have some, too.

ONE SCENE IN A DOCTOR'S LIFE.

The Doctor his office much earlier leaves,
His patients better, he earnestly believes;
The work has been hard, for so many are ill—
His bed a comfort, if he can but lie still.

The door-bell rings sharply, will the Doctor come?
A patient is weaker, the suff'ring intense;
Disappointed, but soon forgotten the rest,
All thoughts on the one, for whom he does his best.

Much worried he feels, as he stands by the bed,
The fever still rising, that pain in the head;
He feels different, than when he entered school,
For by this time thought, all disease he could rule.

His years of constant practice, training and skill—
Were not able to cope with this raging ill;
Very helpless he stands, for what can he do?
Such agony of mind, he's now passing thro'.

They are begging of him to do something quick;
Just relieve the suff'ring of one who is sick—
"Cannot one thing be done!" They tearfully say,
"If nothing more, just the pain to allay."

At last all is over, the breath has been stilled;
The sad, aching hearts, with more sorrow are filled;
'Twas the same scene over, he often beheld—
His patient—the one, whom they loved, was dead.

He slips quietly out, in the frosty air—
His heart now more saddened with grief and despair;
To the driver he said. "I'm ready to go—"
By the sad, nervous tone, the truth he does know.

Not one word was spoken, as often before
This distance was driven, and many miles more;
For this is but one scene, in a Doctor's life,
One moment of sadness, in this world of strife.

A MISTAKE.

A little girl just six years old,
Now music lessons took—
And proudly did she walk along,
With her "Instruction" book.

After the lessons had begun,
She listened with intent,
And eagerly did try to learn—
What every figure meant.

So as the lessons did progress,
A rest was soon explained—
And with different kind of notes,
Much knowledge she soon gained.

And now a rest again appears,
 Whatever can it be?
She dropped her head and tried to think,
 Then looked up cheerfully.

“A sleepy note,” did quickly say,
 Her teacher could but smile—
Altho’ ’twas not a bad mistake,
 If we but think awhile.

For when we rest, we often sleep,
 So far she was not wrong—
But certainly it would seem queer,
 If when we sing a song—

We’d stop to take a little nap,
 Especially, if we’d snore;
Our audience would surely wish,
 We’d rest forever more.

ONE LITTLE DEED.

It was a morning of sadness,
 To one, on white bed did lie,
Within a city hospital,
 Without friends or kindred nigh.

The nurse noticed the sad longing,
 Which did seem to fill the eye—
Of one, who was use to flowers,
 And often watching the sky.

She brought a single carnation,
 In with some foliage green,
Which cheered the lonely sufferer,
 When she its brightness had seen.

For the most that she was longing,
Were vines and fragrant flowers,
Thinking of home in the village,
Shaded with leafy bowers.

There are many deeds of kindness,
Performed in this world below—
Many hearts are soft and tender,
An interest in others show.

“Some are careless but thoughtlessness,”
We can most truthfully say—
“Is often the only reason
More deeds are not done each day.”

WORKERS AND SHIRKERS.

There are workers and shirkers in this great world wide;
The one's an annoyance, when with the other abides—
For each it takes patience, but for the one who shirks.
It makes life easier to live with one who works.

There are many comforts, the shirker would enjoy
If the worker arranges and him not annoy—
Until the work's completed then lovely it does seem,
To have things made better, when might as well have been.

In springtime it's rainy, there's dampness in the air,
'Tis bad for rheumatism, of himself he takes care;
In warm weather he's tired, wait 'til days are cold
“This heat makes me perspire, to work makes one grow
old.”

When autumn winds are here, and leaves begin to fall,
It makes one discouraged, this weather does beat all.
It makes one discouraged, this weather does beat all.
In winter it's chilly, by the fire he must sit,

So there's simply no time, the shirker work can do,
There's nought to make him hustle or to hurry through.
Other's ought to hustle and comfort to him give,
For this world could not prosper, if he did not live.

But all the things he knows, not one thing he can't do,
He can fly an air-ship, and Government run too;
And act as president, better than Wilson can,
For the lazy fellow, has much the better plan.

But 'tis the strangest thing I ne'er could understand,
When he knows how to do, but never turns his hand;
And lets the other's do, who has to try and plan,
Who's not competent, as the lazy, trifling man.

A SOLILOQUY.

There sits an old man by the wayside with garments quite
worn,
His thoughts on past history, as he sits sad and forlorn;
Thinking of early childhood, when he happy, bright and
free,
Only expected the future, would all the brighter be.

But when he grew to manhood, a good time wanted to
see,
So wasted time and talents, not thinking older, he'd be—
Now listen to his meditations, as he lonely appears,
His heart almost breaking, his eyes often filling with tears.

'I have wasted strength and talents, much time idled
away!

'A fool and his money soon parted' is true yet today.
How foolish not to listen, when friends did earnestly
plead,
But I laughed at them for thinking, that some day, I
might need.

It's easy to drift with the current, but oh, the regret
Those hours of bitter memories, which we can never forget.
But many are drifting, could they but take warning from
me,
But they choose today's pleasure, and want tomorrow
shall see."

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

I cannot understand it,
This love of Christ so free;
His love surpasses knowledge,
And gives sweet peace to me.

Chorus.

Oh, this love, sweet love of Jesus,
How much it means to me;
For He loved before I knew Him,
And gave His life, for me.

Death holds not any terror,
When in my heart abounds,
The sweet love of my Savior,
Which one glad day I found.

Chorus.

I look away beyond it,
To my heavenly Home,
Where my loved ones are watching,
Awaiting me to come.

Chorus.

When oft I pause to wonder,
Of His great love to me,

Which purchased my redemption,
Gave life and liberty.

Chorus.

For it surpasses knowledge,
The half, I cannot tell,
Of this great and boundless love,
Which in my heart, doth dwell.

Chorus.

And when I enter Heaven,
My blessed Savior see;
There will be great rejoicing
For His sweet love to me.

Chorus.

THE NARROW ROAD.

There's a narrow road leads to Heaven,
And we must watch as we climb—
Lest we step aside to the broad way,
And reach not the heights sublime.*

Chorus.

It's a narrow road which reaches Heaven,
And we turn neither left nor right—
Keeping always in the path of duty,
As the goal we must keep in sight.

We must always be on the lookout,
For Satan is ever nigh,
Tempting us from the narrow pathway,
From our home beyond the sky.

Chorus.

There's a road leads to fame and riches
It is broader all the way;
But the peace of God is not found there,
As we journey on each day.

Chorus.

But a better road, reaches Heaven,
Although narrow it may seem,
And the path grows better every hour,
Much better than we could dream.

Chorus.

PRAYING FOR YOU.

Perhaps tonight your mother,
Is praying just for you;
Oh, can you hear her pleading,
That mother kind and true.

Chorus.

Oh, come right now to Jesus,
And He will save your soul,
Just while your mother's praying.
He'll gladly make you whole.

Oh why will you not answer,
Your mother's prayer tonight?
When just now she is praying,
That you will do the right.

Chorus.

She taught you in your childhood,
To pray to God each day;
Oh, do you still remember,
To let Him have His way.

Chorus.

Why have you wander'd from Him?
Oh, do return tonight!
Just while your mother's praying
Walk right into the light.

Chorus.

ACCEPT SALVATION.

Do you want peace that the world cannot know,
Do you want grace He can only bestow;
Look to your Savior, who died on the cross,
And He will cleanse you from all sin and dross,
With a free and perfect salvation.

Chorus.

Look now, my brother, Oh, do look and live—
Come, seek the pardon, He freely will give,
Just now do accept and make Him your choice,
And enjoy this perfect salvation.

This world gives with all it's pleasure alloy
It gives not lasting peace, nor lasting joy,
The pleasures will quickly vanish away,
And be forgotten on the Judgment day,
You **had** better accept Salvation.

Chorus.

Oh, come sinner, come and make Him your choice,
He'll pardon all sins and you will rejoice;
He will give happiness without alloy,
And also give peace which you can enjoy,
If you only accept salvation.

Chorus.

THE FIRST EASTER.

Matt. 28.

A glorious Easter morning,
Many hundred years ago,
When the women carried spices
To the one whom they loved so.
Very rapidly they journey'd
To the place their Lord did lay,
For as yet they did not know,
That there was an Easter day.

Chorus.

Oh, that first bright Easter morning
When the stone was rolled away,
And Christ arose triumphantly,
From the grave in which he lay.

As they walked along they wonder'd
Of the stone which there did lay;
And how were they to remove it,
Knowing not 'twas rolled away,
But when the sepulchre was reached,
Imagine their great surprise
To find the white-robed angel,
To greet their wondering eyes.

Chorus.

“Fear not ye;” Then said the angel,
“I know that Jesus ye seek;
He is not here but is risen,
Come, see the place where he lay.
Go and tell to his disciples
He is risen from the dead,
Ye shall see him in Galilee,
For this way he has been led.”

Chorus.

From the grave they now departed,
Both with fearing and great joy
To bring word unto his people,
That their Christ was not alloy.
But onward they went rejoicing,
Their loving Savior did meet,
And as He said, “All Hail” to them
They worshipped at His feet.

Chorus.

THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND.

In the hollow of Thy hand, dearest Savior,
Always keep us when the billows roll—
When the tempest rages high, dearest Savior,
Thou alone can comfort the soul.

Keep, Oh, keep us now forever,
In the hollow of Thy hand.
Help us to be ever faithful
While we're living in this land.

Chorus.

In the hollow of Thy hand, dearest Savior,
Always keep us when the Tempter's near;
For we cannot ever fail dearest Savior,
While Thy own sweet voice we can hear.

Chorus.

In the hollow of Thy hand, dearest Savior,
Always keep us safe from ev'ry snare,
While we listen to Thy call, Dearest Savior
And are kept by the loving care.

Chorus.

ALWAYS WATCHING.

There is one watches o'er you,
Who is loving and true,
He doth see ev'ry action,
Ev'ry deed that you do.
He is with you when lonely,
And all friends seem untrue,
It is Jesus our Savior,
Who's always watching you.

Chorus.

He is watching, ever watching,
He is watching o'er you,
As He sees ev'ry action
And is both kind and true.

He is watching when trials,
Thick and fast doth surround,
He knows when the Tempter
With you is gaining ground.

He sees you when in sorrow,
And with heart-broken dread,
You then turn to the Savior,
Who doth hear what is said.

Chorus.

OUR DUTY.

Should Jesus come, replendent in glory
To bear away to my home,
Would carry me across the dark river,
Back to this world never to come,
Would I ever regret the living,
The many hours spent here below,
With his wonderful gifts there receiving,
When to that bright home I do go.

Chorus.

So now's the time to be up and doing
While here in the world we do stay,
If not a regret we have when Jesus
Does come to bear our souls away.

No, we'll never regret here the living,
If we only do what we can!
Just to help with the work of the Master,
And aid in His wonderful plan.
But must always be valiantly working,
Or great then will be our regret,
When we think of the hours spent in shirking,
Those hours we can never forget.

Chorus.

For the poor, weak, sick and the prisoner,
Do we visit, as He did say?
Is our duty well done for the Savior
As we journey upon the way.
For no matter how irksome the duty,
Nor how very small it may seem
If we will only faithfully do it,
Shall prove to be more than a dream.

Chorus.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

There's a great and boundless ocean.
It's the ocean of God's love;
And its depths cannot be fathomed,
While its heights reach far above.
And within the gates of Heaven
Where he claims us for his own,
There before the Holy angels,
Where he sits upon his throne.

Chorus.

Oh, the love of God, the father,
Which is boundless full and free,
For it never can be fathomed,
Deeper is it than the sea.

As the father looks in pity,
As the mother stills her child.
His great love can still the ocean
Tho' its waves beat fierce and wild.
For his love forgives the sinner,
Washes all the guilt away,
Claims him as his own forever,
Leads him on to perfect day.

Chorus.

No, the path's not all flowery,
Dark and rough it often seems,
But his great love faileth never,
And quite soon we'll catch the gleam
From the distant shores of Heaven,
Bright and clear the light will be,
Then we'll know his love has bro't us,
Through the voyage, safe and free.

Chorus.

THE MESSAGE OF THE KING.

Brother I am here to tell you,
Listen to the words I sing;
For I have a glorious mission,
It's a message from My King.

Chorus.

Listen, listen to my message,
For I have it from my King;
He has sent me here to tell you
That some off'ring you must bring.

It's of Christ, my blessed Savior
Who upon the cross did die.
But is reigning now forever,
In that home beyond the sky.

Chorus.

All His trials now are over,
And His cross has been laid down;
But He's waiting now in glory
To award to us our crown.

Chorus.

He will take us home to Heaven,
Is the message that I bring;
After we have worked for Jesus,
And for Him will shout and sing.

Chorus.

HE IS PLEADING.

Don't you hear the Savior pleading,
Pleading, pleading for your soul?
Come to me, Oh, weary sinner,
Come and I will make you whole.

Chorus.

Brother, sister, do not tarry,
He has waited for you long—
Come to Him this very moment,
While we sing to you this song.

At your heart He still is knocking,
Often he has knocked before;
Let Him in while he is waiting,
Open now to Him the door.

Chorus.

Yes, He's there, just ling'ring, waiting,
Sinner, how can you delay?
For the Savior's call so earnest;
Why don't you this call obey.

Chorus.

Think of Christ, your dear Redeemer
How He suffered just for you;
Shed His blood on darkest calvary
And your heart will make anew.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

Composed for Father's seventy-first birthday.

May 3, 1912.

With love, dearest Father, we greet thee,
This annivers'ry day of thy birth;
Please accept from home-folks, this token
Of rememb'rance, which counts more than worth.

Seventy-one years thou hast traveled
Up the steep, rugged hillside of life—
A pilgrim journeying homeward,
Thro' trials temptations and strife.

Some day when the journey is ended,
And shielded we'll be from ev'ry blast,
Shall we in that bright, blessed harbor—
Have a happy reunion at last.

Composed Dec. 8, 1912, in honor of Dr. A. Wagner's
birthday.

Today is thy eighty-first birthday,
A glad, happy day may it be—
And just as many more birthdays
As you are wishing to see.

And then, when the life here is over,
A glad, happy day may that be—
With many more birthdays in Heaven,
Thro' an endless Eternity.

My greatest wish is that health
And happiness, may abound;
With God's most richest blessings
To be thine the year around.

CHRISTMAS QUOTATIONS.

With love, dear friend we greet thee,
This annivers'ry day of Christ's birth,
Please accept for friendship this token,
Of rememb'rance, which counts more than worth.

I am to use but not to eat,
But if you try, I can't be beat;
Altho' not pretty, neither gay,
Even if this is Christmas day.
But I will come in good next year,
To help you thro' without a fear;
Then why not will you let me stay,
Until another Christmas day?

FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

My mission full well you do know,
So now please take and use me so—
I can be used most any day,
As long as with your nose, you stay.

Santa Claus just thought and thought,
What to you should be brought—
And decided this Christmas day,
A handkerchief to send your way.

COIN BAGS, PURSES, ETC.

With very best wishes for Christmas,
To husband, son and yourself also,
Please accept to hold coin and 'kerchief,
When to church or wherever you go.

HAIR RECEIVERS.

Please place in me those few loose hairs,
Which in the comb does stay,
And keep forever if you wish,
At least 'till Christmas day.

FOR SEWING APRON.

Convenient we find,
When much sewing we do,
A place for thread, thimble,
Buttons and scissors too.

So when Santa Claus watched,
And at once had this thought,
I'll give her an apron,
With sewing pockets wrought.

CATCH ALL.

A husband you've been fortunate to catch
As memory will quite often recall,
So now for Christmas this present accept,
Which many call, I believe, "a catch-all."

GIFT TOWELS.

Old St. Nick took a great notion this year,
Gift towels to send with hearty good cheer,
So please one accept, as your portion, your share,
With love and best wishes, which wealth can't com-
pare.

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“SOUL THOUGHTS”

This is the title of neat little book of poems of 48 pages published by Miss Sina Ethel Stookesberry, North Lisbon Street, Carrollton, Ohio. The young lady has been quite an invalid, her life despaired of for many months, and the inspiration of the muse came to her in these dark hours of misfortune, when the hand of fate lay heavily upon her and her young life was softened and chastened in sickness. The booklet is offered at 25c and may be had from Miss Stookesberry at her home or copies sent by mail prepaid. Persons who buy may rest assured they will get their money's worth. Agents wanted everywhere.—Carroll Chronicle.

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